

# OPEN-AIR EVENSONG AT THE FOOT OF PEACE MONUMENT

Where the Simple Episcopal Ritual Is Rehearsed in the Balmy Days of Summer, With the Green Sward for a Carpet and the Blue Skies for a Church Dome—Cathedral Hill Is the Scene of Weekly Divine Service on Heights Overlooking the City.

"THE groves were God's first temples," the great nature poet, Bryant, exclaimed in his "Forest Hymn." And he goes on to portray the action of man in these natural temples.

In the days when the Druids held rule and sway in ancient Britain, the cool depths of the forest offered noble and fitting sites for their sacrificial rites and worship. Here they intoned their wild chants and offered the strange, mystic prayers lost to us, alas, forever.

Now, the selection of the woodland was inevitable to races dwelling in an unbroken, uncultivated country. But there was much natural good taste and insight in this selection.

The forests with the silence of the wood-life's devotion at the shrine of nature were marked and hallowed for the sound of human chants and the raising of ceaseless prayer. The trees arching overhead made natural aisles, while the far blue vault of heaven was the dome of the temple.

## Evensong at Mount St. Alban.

So, in modern Washington, at the beginning of the twentieth century, a far cry from the days of the Druids, two or three hundred people in the cool of the August evening, resorted to a primal mode and place of worship and on

Mount St. Alban, at the National Cathedral, with the ritual of Christianity, the last and truest manifestation of Divine light offered again in the "first temple" man's cry to the Supreme and the confession of his homage.

The cars hurry past city scenes and distractions out into the semi-rural district of Tenleytown. A short distance past the powerhouse, through the thick groves a glimpse of a churchly tower is caught. Soon the cathedral gates are reached and the crowd alights.

Near the gates is the little Church of

St. Alban, a monument to the zeal and devotion of the Nourse family from Mr. Joseph Nourse, first registrar of the Treasury under President Washington, who owned all the land to be occupied by the cathedral. St. Alban is unique in that it was the first free church in Washington.

## An Evident Need Supplied.

This open-air evensong is the outcome of a determined effort to reach the mass of non-attendants at any church. The need of such services and preaching in

above the level of lower Pennsylvania Avenue, and stands at the junction of Massachusetts and Georgetown Avenues.

Holding the eye with its grand proportions, and lofty outlines the Capitol gleams a white vision against the dark blue of the hills. Behind it the golden dome of the Library catches the sunbeams with answering rays of prismatic color. The new postoffice can be plainly seen, while churches, office buildings, and houses mingle in picturesque beauty within the noble picture.

Down there is the rush and noise of

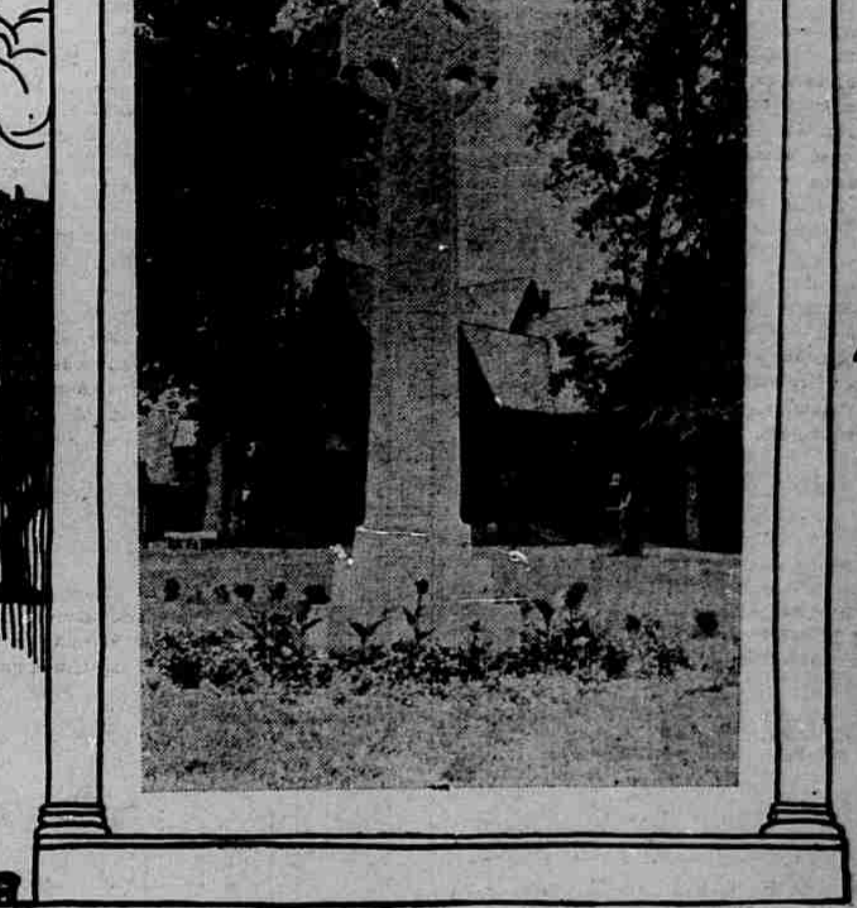
are followed by a short Psalm. The lesson is the collect for the day. After the hymn, which took the place of the customary chant, choir, clergy, and people turned toward the east and recited the creed.

This eastward position, so much disputed in the church today, never assumed as deep and true a meaning as it did then.

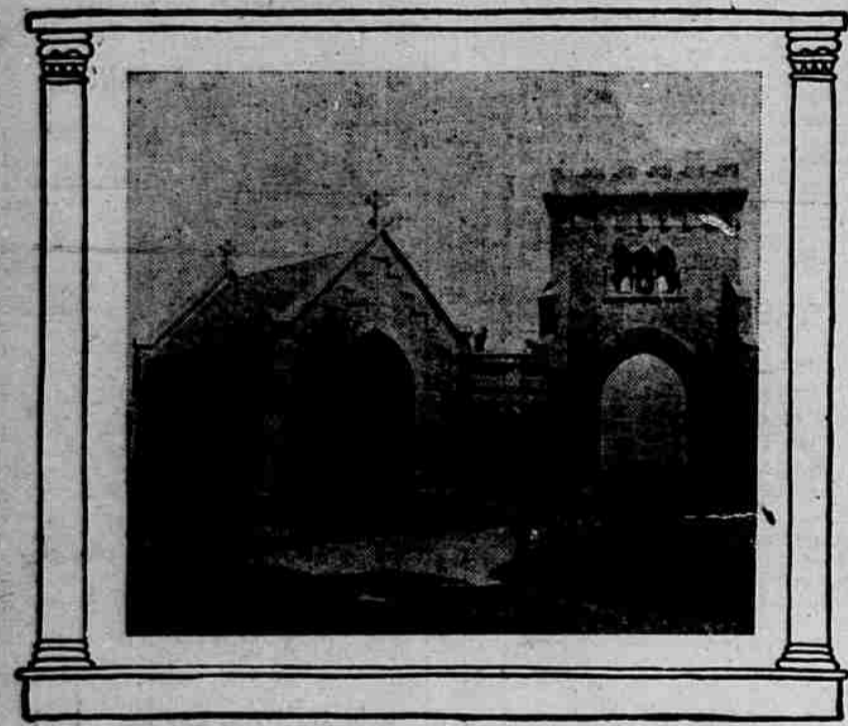
It was the west turning from all its discoveries and knowledge to the one Supreme Knowledge which came out of the east. The east, that land of varied



The People's Open-Air Evensong.



The Monument and the Church.



St. Alban's.

Washington, with its vast floating population, is very evident.

The fund to support this preaching is called the St. Chrysostom endowment fund. The beginning of this fund is due to the wise generosity of two Washington ladies.

As the endowment increases "special preachers," men known for wisdom, learning and piety in the Anglican branch of the Catholic Church, will be invited to preach.

The peace cross is perhaps a hundred yards from the doors of the church. Around it is placed an improvised pulpit and seats for the chorists. The congregation is provided with camp chairs, placed in the near vicinity of the cross, and given service leaflets.

The view from the site is simply magnificent. Far to the east are the luxuriant hills of Maryland, touched with the mists of evening and forming a splendid background for the panorama of the city below.

Hills that are as mighty guardians of the beautiful city nestled in the valley beneath them.

## Overlooking the City.

Cathedral Hill is very nearly 400 feet

the world. Up there is the quiet of the church.

There, man battles his changing way and the workings of this mighty nation swell and surge in an endless sea. Here the quiet is charmed, it is the temple of repose and peace.

Below is twentieth century civilization in its noblest type and form, the government seat of a "free and glorious people;" above is the seat of old and new civilization, and of a marvelous kingdom that has grown around the name and deeds of the "Man of Galilee."

## The Procession to the Peace Cross.

A stir is felt among the crowd, the doors of St. Alban's open, and the choir marches out. In front is borne the cross, the symbol of the kingdom. Sweet-faced boys follow, their clear, pure tones ringing out through the deeper tones of the men. Three vested chorists play the air for the boys. Then the clergy, and the procession passes on its way to the peace cross.

"Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult Of our life's wild, restless sea; Day by day, his sweet voice soundeth, Saying, 'Christian, follow me.' The Sentences and the Lord's Prayer

gifts, that is strangely affecting the modern trend of thought as it did the ancient.

## A Brief Instruction.

The instruction was on the collect for the day. It was very brief and exceedingly well attended to.

The attendants at this service showed the cosmopolitan types Washington is so replete with. Near me sat two col-

ored sisters of some church order, with a half-dozen colored girls. Children of the people sat side by side of those who came in their own carriages.

There was a large number of men and young girls and boys. One sight that particularly touched me was that of a colored nurse with her infant charge. The little one was delighted with the music and the many new faces, and cooed happily through the greater part of the service.

There were many other very young children. A mother may feel no reluct-

ance in bringing children there, for, in case of crying or crossness, she can take them away without exciting the unpleasant attention accorded a woman with a crying baby.

In that service could be detected the germs of the future cathedral service. Directness, good music, and ritual, impressive and beautiful, characterized it.

The composition of the congregation made a union of the worship of the rich and poor, fortunate and unfortunate, under the roof of heaven, where all are equal.

ELIZABETH ELLICOTT POE.

## ILLITERATES OF THE CIVILIZED WORLD

It appears that in education the three Slav countries, Roumania, Serbia, and Russia, are the least civilized. In these countries the number of those who cannot read or write is in the percentage of 80 for every hundred of population. Among the Latin races, Spain has the least enviable record, namely, 65 for every hundred; next comes Italy, with 48 to 100, and France and Belgium, with 14 to 100. In Hungary, the proportion is

43 to 100, in Austria, 39, in Ireland 21, in Holland 10, and in England 8. The white population of the United States counts 3 to 100 and Scotland 7. The countries purely German show a remarkable reduction in the number of the illiterate, the German empire having but one illiterate to every one hundred of population. In Bavaria, and, above all, in Baden and Wurtemberg, there are scarcely any. In Scandinavia, homo ignorans is a species which has entirely disappeared.

# NOTABLE CAREER OF MILTON E. AILES, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

IN the career of Milton E. Ailes, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Department, the youth of the United States have a most striking example of what persistent effort, intelligent, and faithful adherence to duty and the possibilities of our form of government offer to them. Not yet thirty-five years of age, he occupies a position second only to that of a member of the President's Cabinet in a department which demands, perhaps, more of its administrative heads than any other division of the Government.

The relation of Mr. Ailes' rise through the different grades of the classified service to the position he now occupies as one of the chief advisers of the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Moody, reads strangely like the fiction which is produced with an idea of firing the ambition of young men. In his selection for the present position only his fitness for the place and his faithful service in the past were considered. Not many appointments to the Government service have been made with only these considerations deciding.

Mr. Ailes was born in Shelby county, Ohio, and from the time he was educated in the public school to the time he entered the newspaper profession in his native State he had the advantages only of the supplemental education which was given him by his father, who was an educator.

During the few years he was engaged in newspaper work he determined to enter the Government service at Washington, and to this end studied to prepare himself for the civil service examinations. He passed with credit, but it was many months before an opening came to him. When it did come it was for a most humble assignment. He was appointed an assistant messenger in the Treasury Department, with a compensation of \$60 a month to learn that he was expected to keep ice in the coolers in the offices of the bureau to which he had been assigned in summer and replenish the replacements in winter.

He was given an arm chair in the gloomy corridors of the Treasury, and just over his head was the electric bell which called him to the desk of the bureau chief for whom he carried messages, or, with blotting pad in hand, dried the ink after official signatures had been appended to mail and documents. It was an assignment which would have discouraged an ambitious man with less of the sterling qualities possessed by Mr. Ailes. He persevered.

ant messenger with his elbows on each side of a formidably looking sheepskin bound volume, his head between his hands, Mr. Chesley looked over the young man's shoulder, glanced at the pages and ejaculated:

"Humph! Blackstone, eh? Night school at the National University? Keep it up, and you won't be a messenger in the Government service long."

A week later the assistant messenger was given a desk in the corner of Mr. Chesley's office, and there he was stationed until an opportunity came for him to take the civil service examination for a law clerk with a salary grade of \$1-

and invariably added: "It's hard work, too, for a literary man."

In fairness to Mr. Brady, it should be added that during August and September, included in the nine months, he did not put pen to paper at all. He has made it a rule never to work while on vacation.

But even all this does not give an adequate idea of the rapidity with which Mr. Brady works. Before he dictates a single line or word he dissects hundreds of reference books, many of which he finds ready to hand in his historical library of over 4,000 volumes.

Then, when the first typewritten copy of the new book is ready, he spends hours elaborating the spoken thoughts that his stenographer, Miss Isabel Parrish, has caught while her employer paced rapidly back and forth in his workshop and as rapidly spoke.

In this elaboration much attention is given to the adjuncts of the conversation. Mr. Brady does not dictate, "Kicking the cat, she yelled," or "She turned and said," or "Smiling sweetly, she added." He fires straight dialogue at his secretary. "I?" "Yes, you and no other." "But I don't see how I can do it." "Well, then, you're not the man I take you to be."

In distinguishing between the speakers, Miss Parrish says she is guided by intuition and the inflection of Mr. Brady's voice. Mr. Brady contends that his secretary's best guide for discrimination lies in the fact that a heroine never says "damn."

Be that as it may, when the stenographic notes are translated, the author finds the dialogue properly paraphrased and spoken by the right persons. All he has to do is to write in the "said he's" and "said she's."

## CLERGYMAN-NOVELIST BRADY ONE OF THE MOST RAPID WRITERS OF FICTION

THOSE who know Cyrus Townsend Brady, Philadelphia's clergyman-novelist, personally never ask him, "Have you started another book?" The question always is, "Have you written another book?"

For it is well understood that with him to begin is to finish. A short story is a short day's work. A hundred-thousand-word novel is a mere matter of a few weeks. "The Grip of Honor" was written in two. As a result Mr. Brady is looked upon as America's most rapid writer of romance.

The preacher-author avers that his works write themselves.

"When I get an idea I burn to put it on paper; I'm not contented until it is there," is his brief explanation.

It is this enthusiastic love of the pen that has enabled him in four years to put upon the literary market six novels, three biographies, two historical essays, two autobiographies—thirteen books in all—and twenty-eight short stories.

It enabled Mr. Brady in the nine months from July 1 last to accomplish a literary wonder. In this two-thirds of a year, he produced "Woven with the Ship," a sea story of 40,000 words; "The Southerners," 100,000 words in length, and shortly to be published; "Border Fights and Fighters," another of 100,000 words; a boy's story of 80,000 words, "In the Wasp's Nest," which is to appear soon; several short stories, aggregating 40,000 words more; two book reviews a month, each containing 2,000 words, and thirty sermons of 1,250 words apiece for the Sunday issue of a daily newspaper.

In addition he completely rewrote "Hohenzollern," a 40,000-word historical romance; carried through the press "Hohenzollern," "The Quiberon Touch," and "Colonial Fights and Fighters," attended to a large and increasing correspondence, and preached twice every Sunday.

He also kept posted his cash book, which on a moment's examination tells him how his pen earns money and how his books have sold. Mr. Brady takes a vast amount of pride in this book. "Not many authors run one," he says,

000 a year. He went to the miscellaneous division when taken from the eligible list as the head of those who took the examination at the same time, and there he studied intricate questions involved by the civil war claims and the settlement of vexatious questions relative to immigration affairs.

In July, 1890, he received a salary promotion to \$1,200 per annum because of his efficiency, and the earnestness shown in his work. His first opportunity for attracting to himself the attention of his superior officers came in the spring following. It had long been known that he was the first clerk in his

graph for his characters, with the result that their conversations are natural because they have not been carried on among literary impediments.

After the copy is worked over until the accessions fill margins and spaces between lines, often getting to the blank side of the pages, Miss Parrish makes a revised copy. This is subject to painstaking exclusion.

When this process has been carried out until the author is satisfied that what is left is absolutely necessary to tell the story, a third copy is made. Usually this is a final copy, the one placed in the hands of the publishers.

Besides dictation, addition and exclusion befall a novel at this author's hands before the public see it. He revises it in the serial galleys, works over it in the book galleys, and a final touch here and there in the book pages.

## AN UNWRITTEN LEXICON OF NOVEL EXPLETIVES

THE amount of imagination and degrees of taste displayed in out-of-the-way "cusswords," employed generally in more or less remote sections of this country are truly astonishing.

Up in Old Deerfield, Mass., for instance, where the male population wears overalls so high they chafe under the arms, and the women run to pickling peans and basket making, you can hear, cannot help hearing, almost any day, some homespun expletives which smack of the soil and constitute, if the expression be allowable, the unique small-change of emphasis in that musty, expiring village. Here are a few examples:

"Wrinkle yer boot-tops," "crack yer creed," "bruiise yer bare feet," "blast yer baeber," (tobacco and onions are the two chief crops of Old Deerfield, and "round-bout" and the odor fills the valley)—"scorch yer sass," (apple sass, peach sass, berry sass, and other "sasses" are included in the wonderful products of the fall "cannin" and puttin' up time)—"gosh all hemlocks," "by the jimpin' Judas priest," "jimminy crickets," "gosh swat it," "by the scalp in injin," "by the dimpled dumptin' "

"geewhittaker," "dummit," "perish the Sheldon whiskers if—," "darn your socks," (a la "shiver your, or my, timbers") "by the squeakin' squash-bugs," "gee-roos," "lambastail," "by the humpin'-Hooley" (imported from "Tough-End," a suburb of Greenfield, adjoining Old Deerfield), "by the high heel of Saint Patrick" (also imported), "Lad Gud all mighty," "wheewissimus" (classical, introduced by the "summer colony" from Boston-and-way-stations), "gollie-ollie," "sowsin' dishwater," "by crissie," "gosh, all gosh," "thunder and lightnin' bugs," "thunder-buckets," "Lordie-ordie," "double-dummit," "drat-it," "drat-it-all," "gosh-drat-it-all," "great-gosh-drat-it-all."

In regard to the Sheldon whiskers mentioned above it should be said by way of explanation that the Sheldons, who were among the early settlers of Old Deerfield, were famous all through the valley for their long, silky whiskers—and any male Sheldon who dare to arrive at the age of twenty-one without what they termed "a belt-ticker"—that is, a hirsute chin appendage reaching to his waist line, was considered a weakling quite unworthy that honored name of Sheldon. These wonderful "belt-tickers" survive even to this day, in spite of tonsorial parlors, safety razors and improved respers and

binders, as witness the silvery, silky beard of that patriarch of "the Old Street," the Hon. George Sheldon, author of "Sheldon's History of Deerfield, With Genealogies." The length of the beard, its texture, its gestures, are all in keeping with the sacred traditions. And of traditions Old Deerfield has very, very many. They lie about the streets knee-deep, and obstruct modernity which is well. For we have plenty and to spare of the new; but of the old, the flavored—alas, too little.

Although middle Tennessee is so rich in miles and the consequent able-bodied profanity, it has also a good few diabolical oaths, some of which are herewith offered for the dictionary. Able-bodied known to pious folk of a certain sort as "langwidge." Incautious people have been occasionally turned out the church for the offense of "using langwidge," hence possibly the prevalence of other than "good mouth-filling oaths." "Dad-rat," for instance, also written "dod-rat," and corrupted into "drat" or "drot." Allied to this is "dad-burn," or "dod-burn," or in imprecation "burn ye" or "burn your head." Another imprecation is "dern," becoming common in its adjectival use "Billy-be-derned." Among exclamatory oaths there are "By George," "By Johnnys," and "By Jacks."

Thus a novel from the pen of Cyrus Townsend Brady is revised, wholly or partially, at least six times before it is placed between covers. Sometimes this touching up process is extended, as in the case of "Hohenzollern," which was entirely rewritten for book form after running serially. In this instance the story was subjected to revision twelve times.

From all this it may be gathered that Mr. Brady's pen hardly stops long enough for its wielder to get a few winks of sleep at night. Mr. Brady laughingly declares that this isn't true. His working hours, he says, are "from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m., six days in a week, unless there's a football game somewhere around, and then I'm off to the scene of carnage."

His first daily task is the clearing up of all correspondence, which is no joking matter. Then comes an hour and a half or two hours of dictation. This is followed by revision and correction until 2 o'clock.

The last hour of the working day is given over to reference reading. When the clock strikes 3 Mr. Brady abruptly throws aside all thought of work and goes out, seeking recreation.

division at his desk in the morning, and the last to leave it at night. Some time after 4 o'clock the Secretary of the Treasury, who was still engaged at his desk, received a telegram from San Francisco asking for a ruling in an important immigration question. A ship load of Japanese had just arrived at

the Golden Gate, and the Government agent was at a loss how to proceed in the peculiar circumstances surrounding the arrival.

A glance at the clock led the Secretary to believe that he would find no one in the miscellaneous division who could advise him in the matter, but he sent a messenger to bring to his office anyone who might be there. Mr. Ailes was at his desk, and appeared in response to the summons. The telegram was handed him, and in a moment clear and concise advice had been given, and Mr. Ailes was bowing his way out of the office. This resulted in Assistant Secretary Nettleton giving Ailes an opportunity for an examination, which he successfully passed, and which promoted him to a salary of \$11,600 a year. He held this grade until 1893.

Since his arrival in Washington he had been a student at the National University, and about this time he graduated from that institution; was given a degree as B. L. and LL. M., admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, and was assigned to the customs division of the Treasury. He went to the office of the Secretary of the Treasury, when he became private secretary to Mr. Scott Wike, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

When Mr. Lyman J. Gage became Secretary of the Treasury he decided that for his private secretary he wanted a man under the civil service, who was thoroughly familiar with the work of the different bureaus and divisions of the department. Mr. Ailes was recommended to him, and his appointment followed. How well he served as the confidential assistant of the Secretary is indicated by the fact that immediately upon the announcement of the intention of Assistant Secretary Vanderlip to resign, Mr. Gage recommended Mr. Ailes' appointment to the vacancy. The President heartily approved the selection.

The formalities which gave Mr. Ailes the place, officially, were disposed of in such a brief period as to establish a precedent. At 9 o'clock, the recommendation for his appointment went to the President. By 11 o'clock, President McKinley had acted on it, and forwarded it to the United States Senate for confirmation. An hour after, the Senate went into session, an executive session was held, and by 2 o'clock on that day, Mr. Ailes had been confirmed as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. This was just eighteen months ago. His salary is \$14,500 a year.

Mr. Brady modestly declares that he cannot bring himself to believe that he has been doing anything herculean. "It's very easy and simple to me. All I do is to endeavor to follow the motto of an ancient man of learning. 'It was Tacitus who said, 'No day without a line.'"

"My 'line' is generally forthcoming, for once I get a plot in my head I can't rest until it is out and on paper. First thing I know, a book has written itself while I have walked and talked."